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No. 290.—Vol. VI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1826. Price 3½d.

POPULAR PASTIMES.—GYMNASTIC GAMES.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

We resume this subject this week for the purpose of introducing the annexed spirited sketch, for the temporary loan of which, as well as of the last, we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Hone, in whose entertaining Every Day Book they originally appeared. The engravings are, of themselves, valuable, as a specimen of Cruickshank's easy and spirited mode of sketching the human figure in every variety of attitude. The only commentary which accompanies the annexed vignette in Hone's book is the following:

"This engraving represents simple methods by which, at this season especially, the health of young persons may be maintained, and the constitution invigorated. Two round parallel bars, at two feet distance from each other, on round standards three or four feet high, firmly fixed in the ground, will afford boys the means of actively exerting their limbs and muscles: and if the ends of a pole be let into opposite walls, or fastened to trees, the boys may be taught to climb single ropes, and hold on while swinging by them. The engraving is placed before the eyes of parents and teachers, with the hope of directing their attention to gymnastic exercises, as diversions for youth, and they are referred to a practical treatise on the subject by Mr. Clias, that may be safely used. His judicious reasoning must convince every reader of their importance to the rising generation, and that it is within the means of all classes of persons to let boys acquire a knowledge of the feats represented in the plates to his work, for teaching which his explanations are numerous and clear."

We repeat our satisfaction, that the important subject of youthful gymnastics and popular sports, which we have so long advocated, begins to excite the attention it so well merits. If establishments for their promotion continue to thrive in London and Dublin, we trust that our native town will follow an example so conducive to health and recreation. We can speak from experience of the salutary effect which exercise, even violent and long-continued, if of an agreeable nature, has upon the spirits; and we can readily believe one of the writers upon the subject, who says,—"We have seen feeble and timid men acquire, in a short time, by gymnastic exercises, very considerable strength and boldness, and their moral energy rise in proportion to the increase of their physical strength."

We have only room for one further extract relative to the indispensible necessity for exercise.

"An inhabitant of London need only look out of his own window to see practical illustrations of the necessity of these exercises. How often do we see a young man with an intelligent but very pale countenance, whose legs have hardly strength to support the weight of his bent and emaciated body. He once, probably, was a strong and active boy; but he came to London, shut himself up in an office, took no exercise (because he was not obliged to take any) grew nervous and bilious, took a great deal of medical advice and physic, took every thing, in fact, but the true remedy, exercise, and may probably still linger out a few years of wretched existence, when death will be welcomed as his best friend. This, though an extreme case, is a very common one; and the unfortunate beings who approximate to it, in a considerable degree, are still more numerous. Many of the miseries and diseases of young and old, male and female, in this city, may be traced, eventually, to want of exercise. Give us pure air, and we can exist with comparatively little exercise; but bad air, and no exercise at all, are poisons of a very active description."

The Traveller.

The following letter, just received by a gentleman in Liverpool, from a friend at Zante, was not intended for publication; but it will interest many of our readers, and we believe we may add that its contents may be confidently relied on. We fear, however, that we must, by anticipation, plead guilty to many inaccuracies in transcribing from the original, which, although written in a fair hand, was rendered rather confused and indistinct by being crossed or over-written at right angles,—a fashion introduced as an economical arrangement, as regards postage, but which is appalling to the sight of a compositor. Independently of the trouble of deciphering this kind of close criss-cross manuscript, it is particularly to be deprecated on another account:—it cannot be corrected with the pen by the editor where necessary, before it is put into the hands of the compositor; and all the inaccuracies which may afterwards be detected, must be rectified by the printers in the type, which is a very troublesome and tedious operation.—*Edit. Kal.*

(COPY.)

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, *Zante, Nov. 5th*, 1825.

After having got my passports *en régle* from Monsieur l'Ambassadeur de France, I embarked at the Tower wharf on board the Melville steam-packet for Calais; we sailed about nine in the morning, and arrived at Calais at eight in the evening. The sail down the river was delightful, and I lamented, when I passed Greenwich Hospital, that I could not find time to visit it. My spirits, however, were not of the highest sort, and the scene of our departure was not of a kind to rally them:—all but myself on board had some friend, some parent, or some relation, who bade them adieu! all, too, were going on tours of pleasure; I alone was leaving my native land through dire necessity, and had no one near me who took the least interest in me. On board were several titled passengers,—a Sir William Coppet—a Lady Dungavel. When we passed the Nore all except myself were sea-sick, and then I was found useful in assisting the poor ladies to the side of the vessel,—delectable task! Glad was I when we entered the port of Calais. There a busy scene presented itself,—a scene which Mathews has so often described that I will e'en put myself into the diligence the morning after my landing, and go on to Paris. Our route lay through Boulogne, Abbeville, Beauvais, Poix, and Beaumont. The mode of travelling possessed the charm of novelty. The society I met with was agreeable, and the two days and a night which we were on the road passed away imperceptibly. The huge vehicle called a Diligence is unique; we see nothing like it in England; half coach, half waggon, it possesses the advantages of both, and it is very easy in its motion. I stayed too short a time at each of the towns I have named to know much about them. We passed near to Cressy and Agincourt. My British blood warmed at the names. Towards the close of the second day we entered the fauxborg St. Denis. If the scenes I had before witnessed were novel, the busy scenes which now presented themselves kept me from being drowsy after so long travelling. Carriages in abun-

dance of every kind passed along the road at a most rapid rate: the constant cry of "*gare*," by the postilion to the foot passengers; the pretty black-eyed *payzannes* carrying fruits, flowers, &c. to the "*grand'ville*;" their light, airy step, their cheerful countenances, their smart repartees to the jokes of the passing travellers,—all had charms indescribable. No wonder Sterne fell in love with them. I could almost have done the same. The buildings, too, now assumed a more splendid appearance: the weather was intolerably hot, and the dust excessively annoying, yet I enjoyed the scene. We at last entered Paris by the Porte St. Denis; streets filled with shops most gaudily set out, thousands of elegantly dressed females promenading, and hundreds of *cafés* filled with well-dressed persons of both sexes, struck me as I passed. At length we arrived at the "Bureau des Messageries Royales," where we were beset by the agents of the various hotels, soliciting our company. I had a letter to Madame Malar, who keeps the Hôtel de Londres, and therefore I immediately took a *fiacre* and drove there. The inns are very clean, and splendidly furnished, but deficient in many comforts. The hotels, generally, form a quadrangle, having a fine court in the centre, and often a spacious garden. At a certain hour the gates are closed, and then no one can enter, unless he is previously recognised through a loophole by the porter. Although it was nightfall when I arrived, I merely washed the dust off my face, and forgot the fatigues of my journey in my desire to see Paris. I went first to the Boulevard des Capuchins. Imagine a fine street lined with trees, splendid cafés, shops, &c. illuminated; imagine this street, these cafés and shops, thronged with innumerable inhabitants of this gayest of cities, and you may form some idea of the splendid scene. In each café a beautiful female presides, who receives your money and your bow. —The life of the Parisians is spent about the theatres, the spectacles, and the coffee-houses. These last are most splendid; carving and gilding have done all they can; marble tables, and splendid mirrors which multiply the company without end. Here you see life in its brightest colours:—no gloomy countenances; no care-worn visage here intrudes to damp the joyous scene. But enough of this.

On the first day after my arrival I visited the Louvre. This palace surpasses all I before conceived; it is justly considered the finest collection of the arts in the world; and, with a liberality unknown in England, it is accessible to all well-dressed persons, upon their merely producing their passport. On entering you pass through a series of halls, built of the most costly marble, and containing upwards of sixteen hundred of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture, arranged in the most classical manner. To examine the beauties of all these *living marbles* requires a month. Here you have all the Roman Emperors;—here the gods and goddesses of mythology; in short, here you see the statues of all that Ovid, Virgil, and Homer sing. From the Halls of Statues you ascend a magnificent marble staircase, and enter into the rotunda of the Picture Gallery. The rotunda contains some fine historical paintings on a large scale. Passing through this room you enter the Grand Gallery, which exceeds all that imagination can picture: the room is upwards of a quarter of a mile long, and the walls are covered with the richest gems of the Italian and Flemish school of painting. It is considered the finest collection of the Dutch school in existence. There is not one modern painting. All the decorations of the room are worthy the contents; and, to relieve the sameness which such a length of building would occasion, arches are thrown, from rich marble pillars, in various parts, which contain busts of Rubens, Vandyke, &c. It is indeed a feast to revel amongst such paintings! I visited, too, the gallery of the Luxembourg, containing the choicest productions of the French school, which pleased me much. In the Luxembourg I was permitted, by *special favour*, to see the Hall of Audience, containing the throne of the King and the seats of the princes; the splendid hall of the peers, and their chapel: all is grand beyond description. The Palace of the Deputies is much more worthy of the senate of a great nation than St. Stephen's Chapel. The Hôtel des Invalides is a magnificent establishment, where 10,000 veterans, who have suffered in their country's cause, receive their country's bounty. The handsome uniform of these men, their comfortable quarters and excellent food, do honour to this kingdom. We were admitted to see the mess of the veteran officers, in number 250, who sate down to table, and were served from a silver service presented them by Maria Louisa. Every possible civility is shown to strangers. The Jardin des Plantes is a splendid proof of the triumph of art over nature. The gardens of the Luxembourg are grand in the extreme. Those of the Thuilleries, too, form the most splendid promenade imaginable. Fountains, statuary, and magnificent trees here present themselves: here, too, you see a constant throng of genteel company. I was disappointed of seeing the Palace of the Thuilleries, for just as we reached the grand staircase, Charles X. entered the palace with his suite, and we were told to return the following week.

I saw many of the churches, but only two struck me as magnificent; none equal to St. Paul's. The Bourse, or Tribunal de Commerce, is a splendid building, simple, yet imposing in its magnificent proportions. I must not forget the Palais Royal. You can form little idea of the gay scene which constantly presents itself in that place. The interior is a fine garden surrounded with the palace supported on a colonnade; under these are shops, containing every article of luxury; those most brilliant are jewellers' and hardware shops: the upper apartments are occupied by restaurateurs, or used as gambling-houses, &c. A French restaurateur's establishment is very different from an English eating-house. Here, too, an elegant female presides; and it would be the height of rudeness to enter the room or depart without saluting her: you have a choice of 300 dishes; none, however, sufficiently substantial for an English stomach, although their soups and fricasees are exquisite. The expense is most moderate. It is very much the custom of the Parisians to dine at these places, and ladies' company enlivens the scene. I must, however, leave Paris, which, as a residence of pleasure, as far exceeds London, as London does it in point of commerce and wealth. You never see that rudeness and impropriety of demeanour so common to English labourers, especially in London.

I remained nine days in Paris, and again mounted the diligence for Lyons: we passed through the magnificent forest of Fontainebleau, famous for its chateau, the scene of Bonaparte's abdication in 1814, and of his re-appearance after his return from Elba. Next we came to Nemours, and passed through a rich and highly cultivated country. The principal towns in our route were Montarges, Nevers, and Moulins: in approaching the latter, I thought of Sterne, and his Maria, and endeavoured to find out the poplars under which he discovered her sitting. Frequently the road was hilly, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of stretching my legs, and making diversions from the road to see the country. The nearer we approached to Lyons, the more interesting the scenery became: the ascent of the mountain of Tararre was very picturesque, and the prospect of the plains of Dauphiny was beautiful:—chateaus, plantations, richly cultivated grounds, the Rhone and Saone, the many canals which intersect this lovely country, formed a fine subject for a painter's pencil. Tararre, too, is mentioned by Sterne: it is here where his horse lost a shoe, and where he found such a charming peasant's family. I had his Sentimental Journey in my pocket.

At ten in the evening of the third day we entered Lyons. You may imagine I was no little fatigued after travelling near 350 miles on an insufferably dusty road, and under a scorching sun. Lyons is the Manchester of France. It is a lovely spot, situated on the confluence of the Rhone and Saone. I remained two days, and greatly enjoyed myself, although I could not get admission into any of the silk manufactories. The town is well built, the public buildings grand, and the places of amusement numerous.

I next set out for the passage of the Alps. My *compagnons de voyage* were two Irish Roman Catholics, well informed, and extremely polite; in short, all I could wish for as fellow-travellers. We soon got to the frontier, Pont Beauvoisin, where we underwent a rigorous search, both by the French and Savoy posts. Crossing the little bridge we entered Savoy. Now it was that the scenery assumed quite a different appearance; mountains rising one beyond another, in some parts interrupted by richly cultivated spots of level ground. In some places the road passes through the bowels of the rock; in others along the edge of precipices, with overhanging forests of firs. The scenery was grand beyond all that I had previously seen:—waterfalls, forests of pine, mountain torrents, all added charms of an awful description. At Chamberry, the most considerable town in Savoy, we passed a night. Now we were amongst the Alps, and every moment presented some interesting scene. In the distance we could see the eternal snows of these barriers of Italy. The people who inhabit these regions seem unworthy to be ranked with our species; ugly, stinted in their growth, half idiots, and afflicted with *goitres*, or large excrescences from the neck, the eye loathes to look upon them. At Lans le Bourg we arrived at the last town in Savoy, the foot of Mont Cenis, and now began to ascend the mountain by a chain of galleries, cut along the side of the mountain by Napoleon. We were near five hours in getting to the top of Mont Cenis, which is 6500 feet above the level of the sea, whilst the highest parts of the mount are near 11,000, and are covered with perpetual snows. On the top of the mount where the road passes is an *hospice*, inhabited by monks, who assist benighted travellers. A lovely lake reflects the surrounding scenery. We began to descend about four, and got to the foot of the mountain at six in the afternoon. If the scenery during our ascent was grand, that which presented itself on our descent far exceeded it. Around us Alpine beauties and terrors; before us lay the plains of Piedmont, rich in cities and in culture. Here the Po meandered, and the classic river still called the *Dora Riparia*.

We got to Suza at six, and I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting a triumphal arch of Augustus Cæsar. It has been mutilated by the French, who have taken away the brass tablets with the inscriptions. It is said that Hannibal crossed the Alps near this place. I now felt myself at home, being able to converse freely with the inhabitants, which heretofore my broken French prevented me from doing.

From Suza, we soon got to Turin, one of the most symmetrical and beautiful towns in Italy. The approach from every side is through fine avenues of elms, which form a delightful shelter from the burning sun. The streets are spacious; the palaces of the King of Sardinia and the Duke of Savoy are very magnificent in their interior decorations, but far from being striking in their exterior. The environs of Turin are lovely. Crossing the Po, you come to the hill of Turin, the sides of which are covered with vineyards, and studded with beautiful villas. On the top is the church of the Superga, which I visited on foot: the ascent is fatiguing, but the prospect alone repays you for the walk. To the north, are the Alps; before you, lie the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy; and as far as the eye can reach, a fine cultivated landscape, bounded on the south by the distant Appenines. The church is splendid: it contains the sepulchre of the Sovereigns of Sardinia; the tombs of royalty are magnificent in their decorations, and chaste in their designs. After staying two days at Turin, I set out for Milan, passing through Chidass, Vercella, and Novarra. The towns through which we passed did not possess any very remarkable beauty, although the style of architecture, even in the poor towns, is as much superior to the heaps of red brick and tiles which we see in England, as you can easily imagine. The country was richly cultivated, and chateaus presented themselves frequently to the view. The peasantry of Italy have not that gay, cheerful countenance which you see in France: born under a tyrannic rule, they possess an abjectness in their mien which prepossesses you with a bad opinion of them.

Crossing the Ticeno, we entered the Milanese territory, and were again subject to detention on the frontiers by the rigorous examinations of the Austrian police. Milan is a splendid city: the houses are built with a magnificence that in England our palaces do not possess, and the streets are paved with beautiful granite. Above all, the Cathedral, or Duomo, surpasses all I had before seen. This magnificent church is built entirely of white marble; the sculpture is exquisite; and the body of the church is paved with coloured marbles, arranged to imitate bunches of flowers. Many fine statues of the Saints adorn this church; but that of the celebrated St. Bartholomew, for which the Milanese have refused its weight in gold, is the summit of human art. It is even considered the finest anatomical study known. I went to the top of the Duomo, and was surprised to find that, even where the observer below could not see, still marble was the material of which the whole was built; and the same attention had been paid to finishing the most obscure parts as to the most obvious ones. The view from the top was grand: the whole city, with its palaces, lay before me; the *Campo d'arme*, and the fine road bounded with elms, which surrounds the whole city, forming a drive of nine miles; the gardens;—in short, no where but in Italy can you see such splendid cities. No coal smoke nor manufactories assist to destroy the beauty of the edifices, which preserve their freshness for years. Here we saw the footsteps of Bonaparte. The spacious Amphitheatre, capable of containing 50,000 spectators; the intermediate space serves for public sports, and can be filled with water, to make boat races, or naval fights. The triumphal arch which he had begun to build on the road Simplon, and in which he engaged all the first sculptors of the age, still remains unfinished. The marbles for the bas-reliefs are shown to visitors; but as the subjects are Napoleon's victories over the Austrians, these latter will break them up rather than let them be erected. An English nobleman offered £30,000 for these marbles. The Theatre della Scala is much more splendid than any in England; not excepting the Italian Opera.

I left Milan with regret, and, being pressed for time, hastened through Placentia, Parma, Modena, and Bologne, without an opportunity of examining their beauties. The

architecture of the Italian towns, as I before said, is very imposing: the colonnades add to the effect, and form a cool promenade in summer. I remained near a week between Senigaglia and Ancona, for want of a conveyance; during this time, I visited the town of Loretto, and the Holy House. I had a long and tedious passage of eleven days to Corfu, and three days more to Zante, where I arrived on the 12th of August. You must be aware, however, that, in a letter, I cannot tell you half of what I thought worthy of attention. I must, however, leave this subject, hoping that you will find entertainment enough in this letter to repay you for the trespass on your time. I wish you had been with me. Here am I, therefore, once more domesticated in Zante: of my future movements I do not as yet know any thing.

H. R.

Biographical Notices.

ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

(From Whitaker's New Monthly Magazine, New Series.)

His Imperial Majesty, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, died at Taganrog, on the sea of Azoph, on the 1st of December, 1825. The accounts respecting the sudden demise of this sovereign were, up to the time of preparing this sheet for the press, deficient in detail and contradictory in substance; some representing him to have died on the 1st, and others on the 3d of December; some attributing his death to a general decay of nature—some to an attack of erysipelas—some to putrid fever—and others to assassination. At present all that we can offer is a brief record of dates and facts. Alexander, the deceased Emperor, was the eldest son of Paul I. by his second wife, Sophia Dorothea Augusta Maria Fædorowna, of Wirtemberg Stutgard. He was born on the 22d of December, 1777; and his education was conducted by the celebrated M. de la Harpe, under the immediate superintendence of the Empress Catherine. He married the Princess of Hesse Baden, Elizabeth Alexiowna, on the 9th of October, 1793. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, by assassination, in the year 1801; was proclaimed on the 24th of March, and crowned at Moscow on the 27th of the following September. On his accession to the throne, he particularly distinguished himself by liberating criminals and debtors, pardoning deserters, lowering taxes, abolishing the censorship of the press, and various other popular acts. His earliest care, also, was to put an end to the war which then existed between Russia and England. For some time he preserved peace both with England and France; and he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to act as mediator between those powers after the termination of the short peace of Amiens. In the year 1804, the murder (or, as some term it, the military execution) of the Duke d'Enghien by Bonaparte, excited the indignation of the Emperor, who, after presenting an energetic remonstrance by his ambassador, against a "violation of the law of nations, as arbitrary as it was public," withdrew his minister from Paris; and, in 1805, he entered into a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with England, Austria, and Sweden, to check the devastating extension of French dominion. Acting upon this treaty, the Emperor hastened to lead his troops into Austria, where, however, he arrived only in time to see the capital fall into the hands of the French. He then retreated, with the remnant of the Austrian army, to Berlin, where he resolved to await the arrival of the French army; but, on the defeat of the Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz, he returned to St. Petersburg, leaving the greater part of his forces on the frontiers of Germany. In 1806, when called upon by the court of Berlin, notwithstanding Prussia had formerly declined joining in the general league, to which Alexander was a partisan, he again took up arms in behalf of that power—but again was only in time to witness the triumph of Bonaparte. In the spring of 1807, the Emperor joined his army, which had retreated beyond the Vistula, and withstood the French with great bravery; but, having been defeated in the battle of Friedland, he retreated beyond the Niemen, where, on an interview with Bonaparte, he agreed to the preliminaries of the peace signed at Tilsit, on the 8th of July, 1807. In consequence, as it is believed, of a secret article in that treaty, he, upon the time of our attack upon Denmark, declared war against England, and soon afterwards against Sweden. With Sweden his contest lasted two years, and terminated in the cession of Finland to Russia. During the hostilities which still subsisted between France and England, he continued his adherence to the former power, and dismissed from his dominions all the German ministers and agents In the year 1808 he had another interview with Bonaparte at Erfurth; the parties plighting their faith and friendship to each other. The time, however, soon arrived when he was to see how ill-judged his friendship had been; and he was forced to defend himself in his own dominions, with no other ally than England, against Bonaparte, who led five hundred and sixty thousand choice troops against him, joined with those kings who had formerly been his allies, and whom he had formerly assisted. But Bonaparte's ambitious projects were defeated. The Russians, on their evacuation of Moscow, destroyed, by burning that city, the only means of subsistence which the French could expect during the winter; and thence ensued the annihilation of that vast army. The Emperor, now apparently animated with a spirit of vengeance against the invader of the Russian dominions, pursued him with unremitting vigour, and even published a description of his person, as though he had been a common felon. Bonaparte, it will be recollected, effected his escape in a single sledge. The French, however, suffered him to levy new armies, and to lead them into Germany, in the year 1813. On the 13th of March in that year, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia proclaimed the dissolution of the Confederacy of the Rhine. After having been worsted at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, they agreed to an armistice; during which the Russians were joined by General Moreau, who soon afterwards fell, by a random shot, before Dresden. After various success, the great battle of Leipsic, fought on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of October, completed the deliverance of Germany. Early in 1814 the allied monarchs crossed the Rhine; on the 30th of March their army besieged Paris, and forced it to capitulate; and, on the following day, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered that capital amidst cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!*" and Bonaparte now signed his first abdication. On the landing of Louis XVIII. in France, the Emperor hastened to meet him, and conducted him to Paris, which he entered on the 4th of May; a treaty of peace was signed at Paris on the 30th of the same month; and, on the 1st of June, the Emperor left France for London, where his reception was of the most cordial and magnificent description. He returned to St. Petersburg on the 25th of July. On the 25th of September he entered Vienna, where he attended the congress of sovereigns, and remained until the end of October. The ratification of the acts of congress was signed on the 9th of February, 1815. In the course of the same year, the Emperor was acknowledged King of Poland, having previously entered into a treaty of peace with Persia. The escape of Bonaparte from Elba changed the apparant security of Europe into confusion. Great preparations were in consequence made by the Emperor of Russia—preparations which were terminated only by the arrival of the news of the victory of Waterloo. Alexander immediately set out for the French capital, where he arrived three days after the entry of Louis XVIII. Thence he proceeded to Brussels to view the field of Waterloo; and, after a short stay, he returned to St. Petersburg, which he entered amidst universal acclamations. From that period until his death, the Emperor's policy appears to have been altogether pacific: he has attended several congresses, and been almost incessantly moving from one part of the Continent to another; but, although his force was large, and there have not been wanting, at different times, pretexts which a warlike prince might have seized for purposes of hostility, particularly against the Turkish Government, he has terminated his mortal career without any deviation from those peaceful principles which were agreed upon by all the great powers in the year 1815. The Emperor Alexander's successor was his next brother, the Grand Duke Constantine Cæsarovitch, who was born on the 8th of May, 1779, and married, on the 26th of February, 1796, Julia, Princess of Saxe Cobourg, sister to his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Cobourg. This marriage was dissolved by an imperial ukase, dated April 2, 1820; and the Grand Duke married, secondly, May 24, 1820, Jane, born Countess of Grudzinska, and created Princess of Lowicz. By neither of these marriages has this Prince any issue; and if there were any by the latter, it is against the law of the Russian empire, as the lady was a subject, that they should succeed to the crown. Constantine is savage and martial in his character, and brave even to rashness. He distinguished himself under Suvaroff, and under his late imperial brother, whom he accompanied in all his campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. He was first created Military Governor, then Generalissimo, and finally Viceroy of Poland. He is said to have conciliated the affection of that nation in an eminent degree; and in Russia he has a strong party of the nobility in his favour. (The rumours now are that he has abdicated the throne in favour of his brother Nicholas, but that he will retain the sovereignty of Poland.)

Miscellanies.

Singular Character.—There is now existing at Ditcheat, a remarkable instance of the power of habit to remedy the defects of nature. A farmer, named Kingston, who was born without arms, is enabled to accomplish with his feet all those purposes for which the hands are generally employed. He shaves himself with the greatest facility, writes a bold legible character, and performs all the manual labours of the farm. He is an admirable bowler, and for throwing the stick at the snuff-boxes, as practised at country fairs, he has no equal; and, should disputes arise in the course of the game, he can defend his right with the power, if not the arms, of a Cribb. He was some time since married to a second wife, and, as might be supposed, the ceremony was attended by an immense concourse, who were delighted at the manner in which he took the hand of his wife, placed the ring on her finger, and signed the register with his foot. He has had offers of a liberal description to tempt him to exhibit himself; but he values his liberty with an Englishman's spirit, and cannot be induced to submit to the necessary confinement on any terms.

A Fragment.—You ask for the meaning of the word *end*, and to this *end* I write. From the beginning to the *end*, some *end* should be kept in view, or we might use words to no *end*. The *end* is the extremity of any length, as the *end* of a street;—if you go beyond it, you may go on to no *end*. A rope's *end* may be either *end*; for however short the *end* of rope, it has two *ends*—the *end* applied being, for distinction, the rope's *end*; thus, if you give a lad the rope's *end*, the loose *end* is the *end* given; the *end* in hand being, as it were, the root, is no *end*. Thus a growing tree or gooseberry bush, while growing, may be said to have no *end*, or definable *end*; being cut down, it has two *ends*—this *end*, and t'other *end*; and thus *ends* may be multiplied: each twig, each thorn, when severed, has two *ends*;—but while unsevered, unbound or unrooted, has but one *end*; and thus one's hair is said to stand on *end*, and the *end* it stands on being the root *end*, seems a contradiction to the tree having no end while it stands on its root. The *end* of this observation is to show, how *end* may be used grammatically, philologically, and idiomatically; and thus the *end* of the argument is the gist of it, and *not* the close, and yet the close of an argument *is* the *end* of it; but we have not yet come to *our end*; for our *end* is to live well while we can, and those who do this need not fear a bad *end*—to come to a *bad end* being an untimely *end*; but death will be our *end*, and they say the world must come to an *end*, yet this cannot be a physical *end*—the idea confuses:—yet most people believe there will be an *end* to it; and yet most people believe it to be round; and yet, again, to find an *end* to a round body would puzzle most people—so that it may be said to be a "world without *end*." But fearing you may think I may go on without *end*, I will now *end*, and say *the end*.—*Literary Chronicle.*

Origin of the Veil.—The origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, properties which partake equally of timidity. They used to tell a pleasant story on this subject, for which we are indebted to Pausanias. About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed a statue of Modesty for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident:—Icarius, having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent. Frustrated in his application to the husband, he made the like request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him: but seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to desist from following the chariot on the way. Ulysses, shocked at the desperate situation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, addressed his wife: "You can best answer this request; it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca; you are mistress of the decision." The beautiful Penelope finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and without making the least reply, drew her veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial of her father's request, and sunk into the arms of her husband. Icarius, very sensibly affected by this behaviour, and being desirous of transmitting it to posterity by the most durable monument, consecrated a statue to Modesty, on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that, after her, it might be an universal symbol of delicacy with the fair sex.—*Telescope.*

Poetry.

LOVE.

O Love! an idle dream art thou,
A mockery unreal;
A sunbeam seen on April's brow,
A very *beau ideal;*
A thing much talked of, little known,
And found in Arcady alone.

O Love! a busy imp art thou,
Of ever-changing form;
And now the rose entwines thy brow,
Now threats the howling storm;
Now as an angel smiling fair,
Anon the demon of despair!

O Love! a minister of ill,
Or messenger of light;
With tears and sighs thy tribute still,
Or dreams as heaven bright;
Now revelling in bowers of bliss,
Now whelm'd in Sorrow's drear abyss!

O Love! design'd the wounds to heal
Of ever-varying time;
Designed the sting of grief to steal,
And bless in every clime;
Why, scorning Heaven's decree for thee,
Forswear, for aye, felicity?

O Love! betraying, mocking Love!
Farewell, farewell to thee;
Fair as the glittering stars above,
But treacherous as the sea!
Take, take my last adieu, and now
Indifference claim the votive vow!

Liverpool. G.

THE MANIAC'S GRAVE,

Suggested by a Print of a Female throwing herself from a Rock into the Sea.

Undisturbed she sleeps,
'Neath the dark ocean wave,
Though the wild billows rage
O'er her deep lonely grave.

She had sought its low rest
In a grief-stricken hour,
When her soul was o'erwhelm'd
By delirium's power.

Ah! she once was the pride
Of her parents' low bower,
Ere she faded and fell,
Like a blight-wasted flower.

She had trusted the faith
Of the false and the vile;
But too soon found the worth
Of his treacherous smile.

For he left her to pine
In her sorrow and shame,
That vile one who brought
A disgrace to her name.

Yes, left her! a mark
For the world's heartless scorn,
And existence, by her,
Could no longer be borne.

She sprang from that cliff,
The sea bird scream'd her knell,
And the loud waters drown'd
Her last shrieking farewell.

Long they search'd for her corpse,
But the search was in vain,
For the deep never gave
Back its victim again.

Yes, 'tis said, that at times,
Her light shadowy form,
Might be seen on that cliff,
When loud rag'd the storm.

And that often, at night,
Hath the mariner heard,
A wild shriek of affright,
As that headland he near'd.

Yes, the sea bird might scream,
The white surge dash its foam,
But the maiden was still
In her wave-cover'd home.

Thou lovely and lost one,
Now thy spirit is blest,
'Tis untroubled and calm,
Like the place of thy rest.

Though above it the storms
Of wild ocean may rave,
Yet they break not the peace
Of that low quiet grave.

Thou perjur'd and false one,
Its wild raving shall be,
As a type of the fate
That is stored for thee.

For thy soul shall be toss'd,
Like that wild ocean wave;
It shall never know peace,
No, not e'en in the grave.

Yes, tremble, false wretch!
For the time shall yet be,
When the curse of that hour
Shall be wreaked on thee.

For her death of despair,
Her last agoniz'd cry,
Shall to thee be the thought
Thou canst never destroy.

And when, at thy death-couch,
Thou would's turn thee to prayer,
That light form shall appear,
And shall bid thee despair. M.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

THE DESERT.

Original Translation of the French Verses in the Kaleidascope of November 1.

In Asia's deserts, where bright Phœbus' rays
Shine with their fiercest heat on Carmel's Mount,
And where no silver stream or bubbling fount
The wand'ring pilgrim's fiery thirst allays;
At break of day two travellers trod the plain,
And deeply sigh'd to see returning light
Chase far away the more indulgent night,
Whose grateful coolness soothed their burning pain.
'Tis morn, but not a solitary song
Of earliest bird welcomes the god of day,
Whose rising beams now scorch the dreary way,
And make the two toil heavily along.
Nor this the only grief the wanderers know;
The winds arise, and with fell fury sweep
The whelming sands, like billows o'er the deep
When equinoxial breezes rudely blow.
Matilda now unable to sustain
The burning heat, sinks fainting on the sand,
And feebly utters,—"Soon shall death's cold hand,
With friendly touch, release me from my pain;
Soon shall my spirit from these pangs be free,
For the last damp of death o'erspreads my frame;
But Adhel live, and to the world proclaim
How purely bright my love still burns for thee."
"God of the desert, thou who reign'st above,
Oh, save her life," the frantic Adhel cries.
The prayer is heard—far distant he descries
A cooling shade, and thither bears his love.
He gains the grove—when, oh! transporting sight,
A sparkling fountain meets his eager eyes,
Close by a palm the glittering waters rise,
And dash its boughs with drops of silver light.
Here, for a while, the weary travellers stay,
Till the cool fountain and refreshing shade
Restore the drooping spirits of the maid,
And then, with strength renewed, they haste away.
Soon is the trackless desert left behind;
The fiery heat, the raging thirst is o'er;
Their love alone burns hotter than before,
And rules invincible each ardent mind.

A RIDDLE.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

I cast a gloom on all about me,
And yet no mortal lives without me:
Am dark in colour, of no weight,
Of any size, and any height;
Most folks neglect me, but the wise
Observe my movements with surprise.
I lie, in common, on the ground,
Yet in the sky am sometimes found.
I can't be touch'd, nor be compress'd,
I travel east, and travel west.
Evening I love, and at mid-day
I always try to run away.
I roam abroad, yet odd to tell,
Am always found within a well.
Water I love, yet strange to think,
Am never wet, and never drink.
I cannot rest, but without ceasing
Am always growing or decreasing.
Swift as an arrow I can run,
And I abominate the sun;
For if his face he chance to pop
Above the misty mountain top,
Without delay away I sally,
And tumble headlong in the valley.
I'm sometimes there, I'm sometimes here,
I can both come and disappear;
You see me come, but where I go
I'm sure we neither of us know.
If good or evil luck betide you,
I'm always sure to be beside you;
Yet I'm no friend, nor am I foe,
But wheresoe'er you chance to go
There must I follow, like your slave,
And only quit you in the grave.

EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE "JANUS."

Here rests old Marmion—hard his fate is,
That folks should read his tombstone—*gratis.*

Jail Chaplain. Cut his own throat? My blood you freeze!
Ketch. Confound the scrub! He grudged *our* fees.

The stamp duty on receipts was first imposed during the celebrated coalition administration, which gave occasion for the following *jeu d'esprit*, at the time generally attributed to Sheridan:

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise,
That shall not fall on me:"
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For *those* you *never see!*"

DREADFUL VISITATION.

In the late gales, the fishing smack John and Ellen, of this port, was lost, and, by this lamentable catastrophe, three widows and twenty children have been deprived of their protectors. The particulars of this sad calamity are to be found in the first advertisement of the supplemental sheet accompanying our present publication.

Christmas Recreations.

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE."

Those subscribers who are in possession of the five volumes of the *Kaleidoscope*, or any of them, may meet with a great variety of amusement for the youngsters during the Christmas vacation, by referring to the tables of contents under the various heads—Fireside Amusements, Vive la Bagatelle, Christmas Gambols, Conundrums, Puzzles, Enigmas, &c.

CONTINUATION OF THE CONUNDRUMS, GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT, NEW AND OLD.

(From Gerard's Letters in Rhyme.)

62. Sweet William and Mary Gold! or John Quill and Poly Anthus!—63. Silence!—64. It comes to you after tea *(T!)* 65. Because he contrives to make both ends meet!—66. He does not pay duty where he owes it!—67. They perform by in stink *(instinct!)*—68. They are wholly guess'd *(holy guest!)*

SOLUTION TO THE MAGIC SQUARES.

Nine cells.

8	3	4
1	5	9
6	7	2

Sixteen cells.

1	15	8	10
4	14	5	11
13	3	12	6
16	2	9	7

RECREATIONS.

TRICK WITH CORKS.

A cork being placed between the finger and thumb of each hand, to tranfer each of them to the other hand, and bring them out, holding them between the ends of your finger and thumb, without quitting contact.

MANUAL PUZZLE.

The hand being held out perfectly straight, to double the little finger so as nearly to touch the palm of the hand, without bending or separating the other fingers in the least degree.

WITH A PIECE OF CARD.

A piece of card being placed on the end of your finger, and a shilling over that, to remove the card, leaving the shilling on the end of your finger.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Spell Jacob and Coffee without using one single letter which belongs to either word.

CONUNDRUM.

69. Why is a person who has spent all his fortune, and would spent another if he had it, like a little devil sitting on a penthouse, with a giddiness in its head?

THE GAME OF TWENTY.

This game may be familiar to some of our readers, as it has given rise to a great variety of recreations founded on the same principle. One of these, called "*Comment l'aimez vaux*" is, we believe, a very great favourite. The game of twenty is, however, greatly superior, from the scope it gives for the display of the acquirements of the party engaged in science, natural history, biography, &c.

The principle of the game is, that a person having thought of something under one of the three heads, animal, vegetable, or mineral, is questioned by another with the view of discovering his thought; but as he is only allowed *twenty* questions, upon pain of forfeit, he is obliged to husband them well, and to take care that no superfluous or unnecessary ones are asked: this, with the accompanying example, will render the game intelligible.

Q. 1st—To which of the three kindoms of nature does your thought belong—the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral?

A.—The animal.

Q. 2d—The rational or irrational?

A.—The rational.

Q. 3d—Male or female?

A.—Male.

Q. 4th—Is he living?

A.—Yes.

Q. 5th—What countryman is he?

A.—Scotchman.

Q. 6th—To what rank does he belong, King, Lords, or Commons?

A.—Commons.

Q. 7th—What trade or profession does he follow?

A.—The law.

Q. 8th—For what is he distinguished?

A.—For his writings.

Q. 9th—What is the general nature of his writings?

A.—Historical novels and poetry.

Q. 10th—Have his writings been generally well received, and a source of emolument to him?

A.—Both.

Q. 11th—Are his writings distinguished by a good or bad tendency?

A.—Decidedly good.

Q. 12th—Have any honours been conferred on him in consequence, and what?

A.—He has been created a Baronet, and has experienced other marks of Royal favour.

Questioner—Your thought is Sir Walter Scott.

A piece of thin wood, or card (represented by the horizontal shaded part of the above figure) is to be provided, and a piece of string looped through the middle hole of it, with two buttons passed over it, and the ends of the string well secured. The puzzle then is to transfer both buttons to either side.

Our correspondent has just sent us the following explanation of the mode of performing this very clever puzzle, which we hope will be rendered intelligible.—We can assure our young readers that the trick can be performed, as we saw it done by a gentleman, who called at our office for the express purpose.

"Draw down the small loop in the middle, so that you may just pass a button through it, then take hold of the two strings in front, close to the centre hole, and draw them towards you, pulling through the hole the small loop which you first took hold of, just enough for the button to pass along the string, as far as it will go, then let the small loop be returned through the hole, by pulling the strings at the back, and you will find that the button will only have to be passed through the small loop in the middle, to be transferred to the other other side. In pulling the strings through the hole, care should be taken that they do not get twisted."

Our correspondent, *Quiz*, to whom we are indebted for the above puzzle with the two buttons, is informed, that almost all the puzzles, &c. in the collection with which he has been favoured, have already appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*, as he may ascertain if he has access to the volumes to which we have referred above. We shall, however, select one or two from his list; and we take this opportunity to request he will favour us with the solutions to any not already supplied.

The Philanthropist.

AN OUTLINE OF THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AT NEW LANARK.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

(Continued from our last.)

READING.

Great difficulty has been experienced in procuring proper school-books for the different classes. Those at present in use are in many respects defective: they are but ill adapted to the capacities of children so young, and are consequently not calculated to interest them sufficiently. An exception to this last observation must, however, be made in favour of Miss Edgeworth's little works; but even these contain too much of praise and blame, to admit of their being regarded as unexceptionable. From some little volumes of voyages and travels, too, illustrated by plates and maps, and interspersed with amusing and characteristic anecdotes, great assistance has been derived. The elder classes have often only one copy of each work, from which one of their number reads aloud to the others, who are generally questioned, after a few sentences have been read, as to the substance of what they have just heard. In their answers, they are not confined to the author's words; on the contrary, their answering in a familiar manner, and employing such expressions as they themselves best understand, is considered as a proof that they have attended more to the sense than to the sound.

The general principle, that children should never be directed to read what they cannot understand, has been found to be of the greatest use. The invaluable habit of endeavouring to understand what is read, or heard, is thus formed. That great and general error, the mistaking of the *means* for the *end*, is avoided, and the erroneous idea excluded, that acquiring a knowledge of the *medium*, through which instructions may be conveyed, is the acquisition of the instruction itself. The children, therefore, after having become acquainted with that medium, will not rest satisfied with this mere mechanical attainment. A knowledge of reading and writing is considered but as furnishing a child with tools, which may be employed for the most useful or most pernicious purposes, or which may be rusty and unemployed in the possession of him, who having obtained them at great trouble and expense, is yet unacquainted with their real use. The listlessness and indifference so generally complained of by him, whose unpleasant duty it becomes to force learned, but to them unmeaning sounds, upon his ill-fated pupils, who are thinking of nothing all the time but the minute that is to free them from the weary task,—are scarcely known under such a system.*

It is for this reason, that, but for the wishes of the parents, and of parties connected with the establishment, the Scriptures and Church Catechism would not be put into the hands of children at so early an age as that of the day scholars. There are many parts of the scriptures which children of that age should not be made acquainted with, and many more which they cannot understand; and the Catechism of the Scotch Church is so abstruse and doctrinal, that even their superiors in age and understanding might be puzzled, if called upon to explain, what, as children, they learned to repeat.

The children are taught to read according to the sense, and, as nearly as possible, as they would speak; so as at once to show that they comprehend what they are reading, and to give their companions an opportunity of comprehending it likewise. In order to teach them the proper tone and modulation of the voice, the master frequently reads to his class some interesting work; he then allows his pupils to ask any questions or make any remarks that may occur to them.

WRITING.

The mode of teaching writing is, in the commencement, nearly the same as that adopted in most schools; but as soon as the children can write a tolerably fair text copy, the master begins to teach them current hand writing, according to a plan which has been lately adopted in various seminaries. By this method the children write without lines; and with a little attention, soon learn to correct the stiff formal school hand, generally written, into a fair, legible business hand, such as shall be useful to them in after life.

The writing copies consist of short sentences, generally illustrative of some subject connected with history or geography; and the pupils finally proceed to copy from dictation, or from a book or manuscript, any passage that may be considered as difficult, and at the same time important to be retained in their memory; thus, as soon as possible, applying the newly acquired medium of instruction in the most efficacious manner.

ARITHMETIC

Has hitherto been taught on the system which commonly prevails in Scotland. The elder classes, however, are just beginning a regular course of mental arithmetic, similar to that adopted by M. Pestalozzi, of Iverdun, in Switzerland. In this, as in every other department of instruction, the pupils are taught to *understand* what they are doing; the teacher explains to them *why* the different operations, if performed as directed, must be correct; and in what way the knowledge they are acquiring may be beneficially employed in after life.

SEWING.

All the girls, except those in the two youngest classes, are taught sewing, including knitting, marking, cutting out, &c. One day of the week is appointed, when they are desired to bring to school any of their garments (which must previously have been washed) that may require mending, and these they are taught to repair as neatly as possible.

[To be continued.]

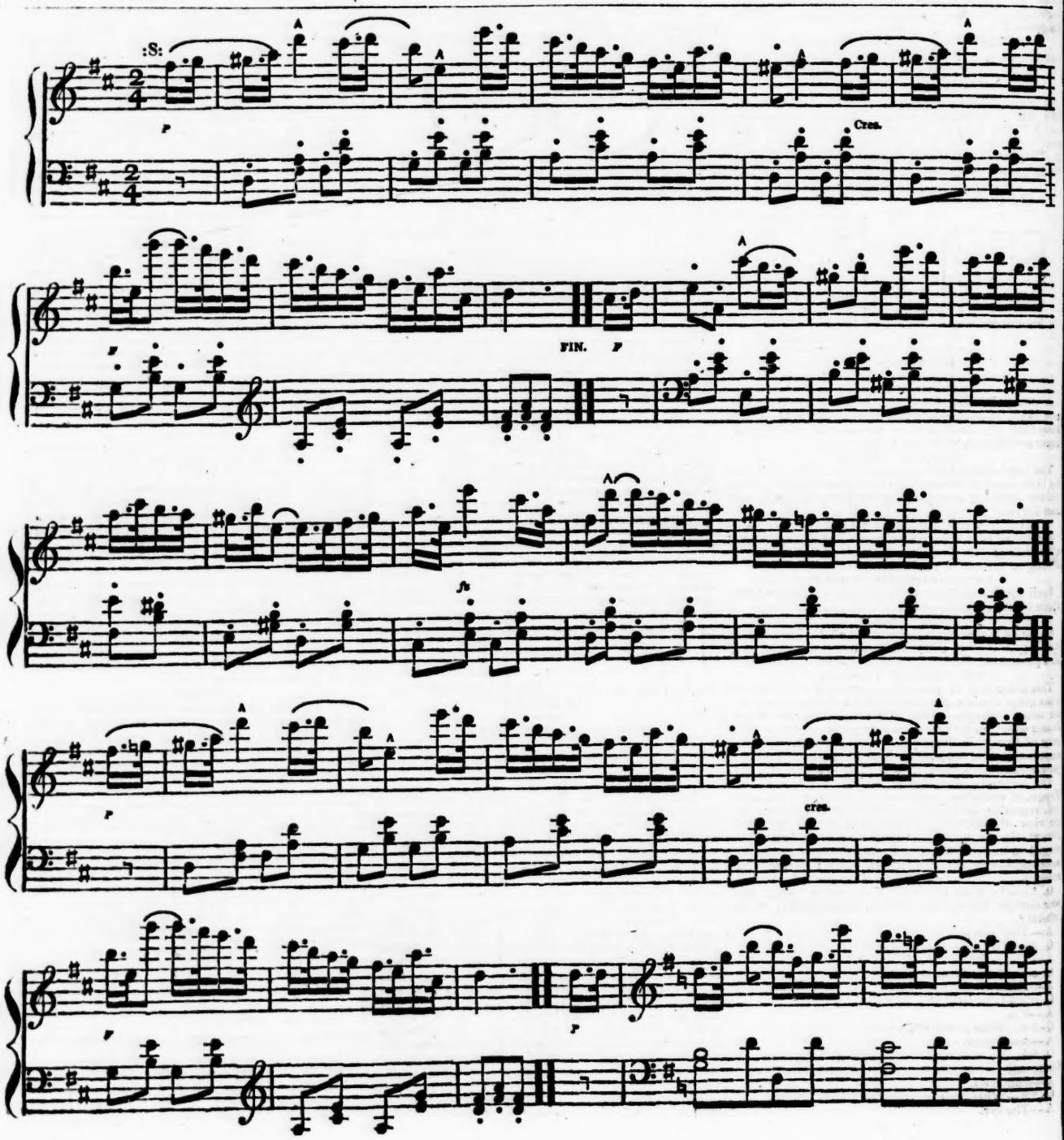
* That the system *actually in practice* at New Lanark is imperfect, and consequently incapable of uniformly producing all the results, which would otherwise be obtained, has already been stated.

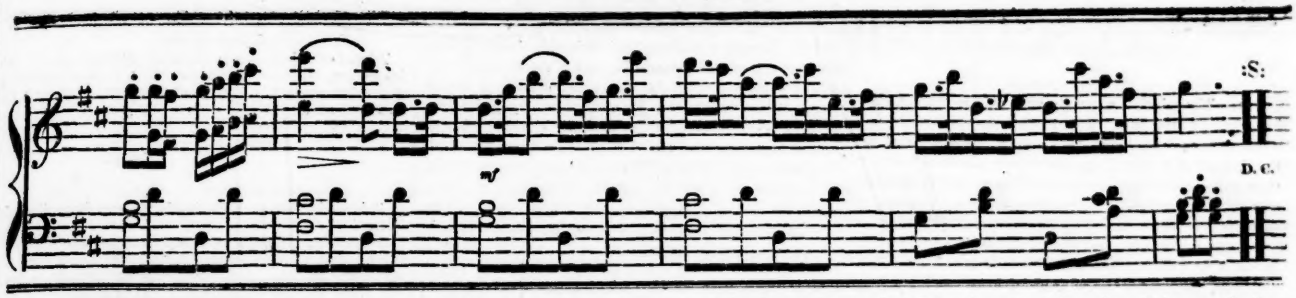
There is abroad a royal *bon mot*, which, strange to say, has not found its way into the newspapers. The King, on hearing some one say that Moore had murdered Sheridan, observed,—"I won't say that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his Life!*"

LA TONI.

ARRANGED FROM DER FREISCHUTZ, BY HENRY LEMOINE, OF PARIS.

(FIGURE DE LA POULE.)





The Investigator.

[Comprehending Political Economy, Statistics, Jurisprudence, occasional passages from Parliamentary Speeches of a general nature, occasional Parliamentary Documents, and other speculative subjects, excluding Party Politics.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY MADE EASY.

[Continued from our last.]

CHAP. VI.—THE PROFIT OF CAPITAL (CONTINUED.)

ON MEASURING PROFITS.

When exchanges are effected by means of barter, there is no acknowledged measure either of value or of profit, the relative worth of commodities is ascertained, not by referring to a common medium, but by an immediate comparison of each with all; and the amount and rate of profit can be known only by seeing how much of each article of the productive advance the article reproduced will immediately exchange for. When exchanges are effected by the intervention of money, then money becomes, at one and the same time, the measure of value and the measure of profit; the relative worth of commodities is seen by a reference to their money prices, and the amount and rate of profit are proved by comparing the price of the capitalist's advances with the price of his product. This mode of measuring profit is very much preferable to the former, because it would be always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to ascertain the quantity of each particular article composing the advance which a given quantity of the article reproduced would purchase.

In measuring profits three operations are performed. 1st, the price of the advances is ascertained; 2d, the price of the re-production is ascertained; 3d, the price of the advance and the price of the re-production are compared, and their proportion to each other ascertained. But, with whatever accuracy these several operations may be performed, they will occasionally fail to give us the exact amount and rate of profit, because, as the relative worth of commodities is ever fluctuating, the value of the article which we employ as a measure is liable to variation during the period in which production is going on. Thus, if the price of the advance at the commencement of the year was £100, and the price of the re-production at the close of the year £120, then the rate of profit, provided the value of money has not fallen in the course of the year, will be twenty per cent. But, should money in the coming year have become depreciated, the capitalist, though obtaining a nominal profit, might suffer a real loss, and be rendered unable to replace his advances, and to put in motion the same portion of industry as before.

Finding the practical measure of value and of profit liable to such objections, political economists have endeavoured to discover some standard measure, which, without requiring the circuitous operations, or having the imperfections described above, may show, by a direct and single comparison with the commodities brought to market, the precise relation which their value bears to the value of the productive advances by which they were obtained. A criterion of this kind might be exceedingly useful; and so might the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitæ, which the alchymists of old pursued with a prospect of success as rational as that with which modern political economists seek after a standard measure. To measure profit, we must show, in some common medium, the value of all the advances; we must then show, in the same medium, the value of the commodity produced; and we must then show, by a comparison of the two values the proportion which they bear to each other. Now, a standard measure, rendering this circuitous and occasionally imperfect process unnecessary, and showing us, by a direct and single comparison with the commodity produced, the proportion which its value bears to the value of the productive advances, must at all times possess a fixed and immoveable value in relation to these advances. This is plainly impossible. Productive advances consist of all the various articles which form the component parts of the labourers' wages, of all the various articles which serve as seed and raw materials, and of all the various articles which enter into the composition of tools, implements, and machinery. With respect to each and all of these various and almost innumerable commodities, the standard measure must at all times bear an invariable value. But if the standard measure bear an invariable relation to each, then must each bear an invariable relation to all. It is unnecessary to add that this can never be the case.

The doctrine of a standard measure for ascertaining, by a direct and single comparison, the proportion which the value of the commodity produced bears to the value of the productive advances, being thus theoretically incorrect, we may naturally conclude, that when practically applied, it will lead to unsatisfactory results. If we take any supposed or actual case, and endeavour to measure profit in the above way, by any of the standards which economists have proposed, we shall find ourselves involved in contradiction and absurdity.

If we adopt the standard of the Ricardo school, the value of the commodity produced can never exceed the value of the productive advances, and consequently no profit can by possibility exist. According to this school, commodities produced by equal quantities of labour are of equal value. On this principle, if I expend a capital which cost me one hundred days' labour in producing a finished commodity, then this commodity will be the produce of one hundred days' previous labour, and will be equal in value to all other commodities produced by one hundred days' labour. But the capital I advanced was produced by a hundred days' labour; the advance and the reproduction are therefore of the same value, and no profit can exist.

Mr. Mills, one of the most able and distinguished disciples of the Ricardo school, says,* that "if a piece of machinery, which has cost 100 days' labour, is applied in making a commodity, and is worn out in the making of it; and if 100 days' pure labour are employed in making another commodity, the produce of the machine, and the produce of the labour, supposing no adjustment necessary for the difference of time, will exchange against one another."

According to the Ricardo doctrine of value this will certainly be the case. Now, let us mark the consequences. The produce of the machine, and the other commodity produced by a hundred days' labour are of equal value. But the machine itself was produced by 100 days' labour, and quantity of labour being the regulator, must have been equal in value to the other commodity produced by 100 days' labour. That is, the value of the machine, and the value of the produce of the machine, are each in the ratio of quantity to the value of the other commodity; and, consequently, are in the ratio of equality to each other. The value of the reproduction is not equal to the value of the advance, and, as far as the individual capitalist is concerned, no profit can by possibility exist.

Perceiving the imperfection of the Ricardo standard, Mr. Malthus has substituted another, consisting of labour and profit. On this principle, the 100 days' labour worked up in the machine, increased by the rate of profit, would be the measure of the value of the produce of the machine.

The obvious objection to the standard of Mr. Malthus is, that in order to obtain it we must previously assume that which we wish to ascertain. The ratio between the value of the advance and the value of the reproduction, is profit; and I want a standard which, by a direct comparision with the commodity reproduced, will show what this ratio or profit is. According to Mr. Malthus, my standard for measuring the difference between the value of the reproduction, and the value of the advance, must be obtained, by first assuming the difference which is to be measured, and then adding it to the advance. I cannot obtain any standard for ascertaining the rate of profit until after the rate of profit has been previously ascertained. The instrument by which my measurement is made, is formed after my measurement has been completed.

Mr. Malthus contends that the quantity of labour which a commodity commands in the market is equal to the quantity of its producing labour, increased by the rate of profit; and therefore concludes that the quantity of labour commanded in the market is the standard measure. It is obvious that the quantity of labour which a commodity will command or exchange for in the market, would be a correct measure of profit, provided commodities were produced by pure labour, and the whole cost of their production consisted of the wages of such labour. If my bale of broad cloth be worth, in the market, one hundred and twenty days' labour, and if my whole expenditure were wages for one hundred, it is self-evident that the quantity of labour commanded in the market measures my profit, and shows it to be 20 per cent. But in producing my broad cloth, a great part of my expenditure consisted of materials, tools, and machinery. The quantity of previous labour which produced these cannot be ascertained; and, were it ascertained, it would have to be increased by the rate of profit before it could show the value of this part of my expenditure. Thus we again arrive at the absurdity, that in order to measure the rate of profit, the rate of profit must be previously assumed. If we know the quantities of previous labour which were expended on our materials, tools, and machinery, and if, in addition to this, we know what the rate of profit actually is, then may we apply the standard proposed by Mr. Malthus for measuring the rate of profit, and for arriving at the knowledge of that which we already know.

From the brief examination of the attempts which economists have made to obtain a perfect standard, it will appear abundantly evident that when the divisions of employment have been established, and when the commodities which individuals produce cease to be homogeneous with the commodities they expend in production, then profits can be measured, only by ascertaining, in some common medium, the value of the advances, and the value of the reproduction, and by comparing these two values with each other. This mode of measuring profit is necessarily imperfect, inasmuch as the medium we select for ascertaining and comparing the values of the advance and reproduction may occasionally vary in its own value, during the period in which the process of production is carried on. If my advances, at the time they were made, were worth a hundred ounces of silver, or a hundred days' labour, and if my finished commodity be worth one hundred and twenty ounces of silver, or one hundred and twenty days' labour, then my profit will be twenty per cent. only, upon the supposition that the silver or the labour retains its former value in relation to the commodities similar to those which formed my advance. If, during the period in which my process of production was going on, the power of labour to command in the market, either less or more, of any of the articles composing my advance, then will my profit be more or less than twenty per cent.: a measure of profit not subject to this imperfection is plainly unattainable. A measure of profit is nothing more than that particular thing which we select as a common medium, in which to estimate the value of the advance and the reproduction; and, to suppose it to possess the character of an invariable standard is manifestly absurd.

(To be continued.)

* Elements of Political Economy, page 96: second edition.

CORONATION OF KINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The solution given by your correspondent to the historical puzzle, inserted in the *Mercury* of the 5th instant, is erroneous. Had he taken the trouble to search the History of England, he would have discovered two or three instances of the coronation of Kings. I will proceed, without further delay, to enumerate those instances as they occur in Hume and Rapin's histories of England.

"After Richard (I.) had settled all his affairs in France, he came to London, where he was solemnly crowned by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1189."—*Rapin.*

"Soon after Richard's return to England, he gave his subjects an opportunity of publicly displaying their exultation, by ordering himself to be crowned anew at Winchester, March, 1194."—*Hume.*

"The Archbishop of Canterbury set the crown on the head of John, having first administered to him the customary oath. The Bishop of Durham took it into his head to protest against the coronation, as done in the absence of the Archbishop of York. But this pretence, being founded neither on law nor custom, was not at all regarded," 1199.—*Rapin.*

"John, being upon the point of causing himself to be crowned, together with his new Queen, thought it unbecoming, at such a season, to refuse a brother the pardon he was suing for. Immediately after the King's coronation, Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, died at London, 1200."—*Rapin.*

"Whilst John was celebrating the feast of Christmas at Guiltford with great solemnity, the Archbishop affected to do the same thing at Canterbury, with such pomp and splendour, that the King was piqued at it, and considered it a sort of affront. To punish, in some measure, the vanity of the Archbishop, he caused himself to be crowned again at Canterbury, with the sole view of putting him to a great expense, 1201."—*Rapin.*

"The Earl of Pembroke, sensible that Henry, agreeably to the prejudices of the times, would not be deemed a Sovereign till crowned and anointed by a churchman, he immediately carried the young prince to Gloucester, where the ceremony of the coronation was performed, in the presence of Gualo, the legate, and of a few noblemen, by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, Oct. 28, 1216."—*Hume.*

"The coronation of Henry the Third had been performed in the presence of so few Lords, and with so little solemnity, that it was thought proper to renew the ceremony, in a more pompous manner, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1220."—*Rapin.*

Submitting these facts to the consideration of your correspondent, I remain, Sir, yours, very respectfully,

January 10, 1826. J. W.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your *Kaleidoscope* of the 8th November last, a correspondent under the signature of *X.*, states it as his opinion that "the Italian language, as well as all its kindred dialects, was undoubtedly formed from the corruption of the Latin, the breaking up of which, and the gradual progress of the languages which sprung from its ruins, present a subject of great interest and curiosity." He will be startled at some of the doctrines on this point in the *London Magazine* for this month. Has *X.* abandoned his intention of favouring your readers with "a short history of the Italian, from its uncouth commencement to the polish and harmony it attained in the sixteenth century?"—Yours, &c. SAPUTELLO.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Allow me to trouble you with a few lines, in consequence of a paragraph in your paper, dated 18th Nov. 1825, respecting a Literary and Scientific Institution at the west end of the metropolis, and a desire which you express to hear of a similar one being organized in this town. In the year 1822 a few gentlemen engaged themselves in scientific pursuits, subscribing a certain sum to procure apparatus; as these and their numbers increased, they found it advisable to rent a convenient room, and form themselves into a regular society, by instituting certain laws, and fixing a proper annual subscription. These views they carred into effect, and having taken rooms in the most central situation they could obtain, are now enabled to hold weekly meetings, and hear lectures from such of the members as may feel disposed to deliver them, once every other Wednesday. I beg to trouble you with one of their cards; and should my humble endeavours to augment their numbers prove as satisfactory as I anticipate, it will afford no small degree of pleasure to, Sir, yours, &c. OXYGEN.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

WARM AIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been lately led to consider the effects resulting from the use of *heated air*, which is now become so fashionable, not only in the houses of many private individuals, but also in our Infirmaries, and some of the counting-houses of this town; and I have no hesitation in saying that the breathing of heated air (if above a certain degree, say 60) must be highly injurious to the animal economy. For, in the first place, we know that atmosphere is composed of two distinct principles (one of which, oxygen, forms the support of animal life) and, as it must undergo rarefaction by heat, we naturally infer that it then contains less of oxygen. In the second place, heated air has the effect of causing a greater determination of blood to the lungs, by enlarging the diameter of its vessels, and this, consequently, gives rise to disease, which may terminate in consumption. Thirdly, it produces, in some people, a copious perspiration, which not only debilitates, but which is frequently suppressed on a sudden exposure to cold, and here again the lungs, or some other organ, becomes overcharged.

All these effects appear to me very likely to accrue from the use of heated air; but I shall be happy to learn something on the subject from an abler pen. E.

Liverpool, Dec. 26, 1825.

CHESS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the individual who styles himself *Mungo* seems either unable or unwilling to come forward, I shall be obliged if you will acquaint *Spero*, through the medium of your widely circulated paper, that I am ready to play him, and give him the move, and choice of pieces.

Yours, &c. JAGO.

Liverpool, Jan. 12, 1826.

PETER PIPER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—How came you to say in your last paper that my uncle Peter picked a peck of pepper? he never did any such thing, he never took above a thimble-full at a time, and since you have so scandalized him, he cannot walk along the street without being pointed at by the children who call out "there goes the pepper picker." I have advised him to bring an action against you for the libel, but he intends to consult his cousin Pepper Arden about it. I was not my uncle, but his peacock, that picked the pepper, and your lines should have been:

If Peter Piper's peacock pick'd a peck of pepper,
Where is the peck of pepper that Peter Piper's peacock pick'd?

Hoping that you will rectify the blunder in your next,—I am yours, &c. PAUL PIPER.

Piper-hall, Jan. 12, 1826.

NEW COMET.

Extract of a letter from Bolanos, Mexico, dated 30th September, 1825:—"About two o'clock of the morning of the 19th instant, I discovered a beautiful comet in the following situation; but I have not seen it since. Has it been seen in Europe?"

* Pleiades.

* Comet.

* Orion.

Bolanos is twenty-three days's journey from Real del Monte.

A French journal quotes letters from the Isle of France, stating that in the southern hemisphere there has been discovered amongst the constellations of the South Pole, one of the greatest comets which has been seen for a long time, and surpassing by far that of 1811. When it was first seen, which was about the latter end of September, it was nearly as bright as the Pleiades, elevated from 16 to 18 degrees, and with a very short tail. Its brilliancy soon increased, however, and its tail becoming longer, these circumstances, together with its retrograde movement amongst the stars, give it the appearance of a near approach to the earth. About the middle of October, at night fall, and during the absence of the moon, it was the most brilliant object in the horizon. An astronomer attached to the English ship Espiegle has made observations on this comet, which he has communicated to the Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, who will shortly publish the result.

It was likewise observed by the officers on board the Barracouta, as mentioned in a letter received from a gentleman on board that ship, which was published in the *Courier* of Saturday se'nnight.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.	Thermometer 8 morning	Thermometer noon.	Extreme during Night.	State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Jan.						
4	29 76	35 0	36½ 0	32 0	E.	Cloudy.
5	29 72	34½ 0	37 0	33 0	E.	Cloudy.
6	29 63	36 0	38½ 0	34 0	E.	Rain.
7	29 73	37 0	40 0	32½ 0	E.N.E.	Cloudy.
8	29 84	33½ 0	34 0	30 0	E.N.E.	Fair.
9	29 85	31 0	33½ 0	28 0	E.N.E.	Fair.
10	29 68	29 0	32 0	26 0	W.	Snow.

4th,—2 p. m. a little rain, and rather boisterous.
6th,—3 p. m. very boisterous—a heavy gale during night.
8th,—From 8 to 10 o'clock a. m. snow.
10th,—The thermometer, last night, was two degrees lower than on any night during last winter.

To Correspondents.

MUSIC.—The Quadrille arranged from *Der Freischutz*, which we present to our readers this day, makes the third in *Lemoine's* Paris collection which we have given. The next contains also *La Marie de Weber*, which we shall next publish. The grand Waltz has already appeared in our last volume, page 161. The Huntsman's Chorus is the only one in the collection, which, from its length, we shall decline inserting; but it is very generally known, and will probably be already in the possession of a majority of our musical readers. Thus, with the exception of one piece, and in five numbers of the *Kaleidoscope*, our readers will be put in possession of a favourite French collection, which in the original is retailed at half-a-crown.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.—The fair correspondent to whom we are indebted for the verses in the present *Kaleidoscope*, descriptive of a scene from *Mathilda* is respectfully informed that they were unluckily mislaid, or they would have appeared several weeks ago.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—The article on this subject is very acceptable, and peculiarly suitable for the *Kaleidoscope*—Our fair correspondent has, however, omitted to affix the name of the work which she has been at so much pains to transcribe. We should be glad to be enabled to supply the deficiency.

WARM AIR.—The short letter of our correspondent *E.* will be found in a preceding column. Whether or not it will elicit an answer, we cannot decide; but we believe that if our friend Mr. Charles Sylvester should chance to see it, he will set *E.* to rights upon this question, if his opinion be incorrect.

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.